

The Weekly Register

Published by the Students of Central High School.

STAFF

Editorial

Editor-In-Chief... Vic. Hackler
Associate Editor... Elice Holovtchiner
Managing Editors... Mary Fischer, William Lampmann
News Editor... Helena Gifford
Sporting Editor... Archie Baley
City Editor... Irving Changstrom

Business

Business Manager... Kate Goldstein
Advertising Manager... Francis Finch
Circulation Manager... Kenneth Seelye
Assistant Circ. Mgr... Jean Falconer

Reporters

Dorothy Sherman, Helene Magaret, Howard Elliott, Florence Frietag, Lucile Harris, Jean Hall, Eloise Powell, Thyra Anderson, Marion Basler, Maxine Foshier, Agnes Dunaway, Evelyn Carlson

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE... \$1.25 PER ANNUM
Entered as second class matter, November, 1915, at the post office of Omaha, Nebraska, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ARMISTICE DAY AND CENTRAL

To some, the day of November 11 recalls memories of the joy with which four years ago the world received the news that the Allies had conquered the German forces.

The world of today is one which has the attitude of "Easy come, easy go." We take things as they come, do what we will with them, and pass them on when something else comes to view.

"If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
In Flanders' fields."

-Colonel McCrae.

Four years ago this nation, as well as almost every other nation in the world, was burning with the heat of war, with patriotism unlimited.

"Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
And flash of colour beneath the sky.

PARENT-TEACHERS' MEETING

The first Parent-Teachers' meeting is to be held this evening at eight in the Central High school auditorium.

It was due to the Parent-Teachers' Association that the school building was redecorated this summer at a great expense.

Any parent of any child in Central may attend the meetings and take as active a part as he or she wishes.

If your parents don't like some of the things at school, this is their opportunity to voice their views.

If your parents have never attended a meeting, and this applies especially to freshmen, urge their attendance when you go home tonight.

THE LOST AND FOUND DEPARTMENT

The REGISTER has now started a Lost and Found Department in order to help persons locate some of the numerous things that are mislaid each day.

It is intended that this department will be patronized freely and bring about a remedy for the deficiency in the school organization.

But when it is known that the loser can be definitely located, the result should be far more satisfactory, and since duty should predominate, there will be no mention of reward.

Central's Heroes In Flander's Field
Have We Lived Up To Their Standard of AMERICANISM



The path of Life isn't strewn with roses; and the few there are have plenty thorns.

Some fellows are so hard they eat nails—fingernails.

- Generous, Enthusiastic, Never-failing, Truthful, Lovable, Even-tempered, Mild, Altruistic, Numberless, Which makes the gentleman?

The following was handed in, suggested as a song for the high school:
Hail—Central!
Central High, Central High
Dear old prison on the hill
Central High, Central High,
You're the terror of each Bill
And Fred and Johnnie
You're despised, you're decried
Yet within each heart so true
There's a spark of warm affection
Central High—for you. —W. T. M.

Famous Expressions
"O, Cry Out Loud!" —"Pa" Schmidt.

For the convenience of English III pupils, including Ernest and George, Miss Jo von Mansfelde is seriously considering the provision of cots, easy chairs, magazines, and newspapers in room 341.

Melancholy
Grey skies that weep incessantly. And clouds
That wrap themselves around the hills like shrouds;
And sighing winds howl a funeral dirge,
As if prompted by some deep feeling urge.

Shadows that creep stealthily. And haze
That shuts out all-obscures my eager gaze;
And solemn quiet, driving one most mad;
Ominous rustlings; e'en the world seems sad.

Sorrow. Mem'ry will not let one forget
Those things that naught but heartaches will beget.
Vain hopes are mine; and longing fills my soul.
Love and the year near end—November's goal.

An Indian squaw has been chosen the Chief of a tribe of Oklahoma Indians.
My. How the ladies do progress!

Rome was not built in a day.
But it was torn down in a day.

Vic Hackler impersonating a one-year-old child with the aid of a lolly-pop. This is the height of ambition.

The world is improving. There were only 193 murders committed in America yesterday, as compared with 112 a year ago.

Well, after this brainstorm, it's about time to call the wagon. —Ta-ta. —Bill.

From the grimness and desolation of war, to the blare of horns and whistles and the shouts of excited crowds, the first Armistice Day was celebrated on the eleventh of November, 1918.

The remembrance of the World War, in most minds, is becoming fainter with each succeeding year, for only on November eleventh and May third is it brought once more to our minds.

In memory of this fact, the bronze tablet at the east entrance was erected, bearing the names of those from Central who died in the great struggle. The tablet reads as follows:

WORLD WAR 1917-1918 CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

IN HONOR OF THOSE WHO SERVED IN MEMORY OF THOSE WHO DIED

- Howard Bittinger, Peyton C. March, Boyd Carey, Jarvis J. Offut, Marion Crandall, Richard Page, Dean Davidson, Harry Fearn, Harry Fearn, Wm. B. Peterson, Kenneth E. Hatch, Byron Sackett, Herbert W. Hatch, Waldo E. Shillington, Art. B. Howell, Chatfield C. Staley, Guy Howell, Elmer S. Stovel, Russel G. Hughes, Ernest Stehrk, Harold C. Kelley, Egbert Weeks, Richard J. Kissane, Ellsworth C. Wood, Russel G. Hughes was the first Omaha boy who was killed in the war and Marion Crandall was the only girl from Central who gave her life for the cause.

FREE SPEECH

To the Editor: Does it not seem strange that Central High school "gentlemen" would conduct themselves in the way that a few of our boys did at the girls' mass meeting, Friday? Boys should favor the Girls' mass meeting with at least as much courtesy as they do the meetings given by their own sex.

Girls! Why do some of you go to a football game? Is it to see the game or to gossip and play with your friends? It certainly seems that it would be cheaper for you and much more accommodating to others if you would see your friends at home or on the street instead of going to the football games for this purpose.

To the Editor: An urgent request is made to the students to return to the office all lost articles except books and keys, which go to the book-room.



Besides painters and musicians who are commonly considered artists, there is the artist who expresses beauty by words.

Most of us consider authors of fiction as writers. The rewards of fiction writing are high, usually bringing fame and fortune to the author.

In writing there is no definite time set nor no employer who dictates orders. Of course, a publisher may return an article or story stating what the necessary improvements must be.

The field of journalism offers many opportunities, especially to a wide-awake person with a "nose for news" and the ability to write a short, snappy article.

In smaller cities and towns, newspaper men are among the first citizens; while perhaps five or six times in every hundred years a metropolitan editor like Dana or Greeley emerges from obscurity and becomes a power in the land.



What section do you read first in a newspaper?

Miss West, English teacher: I read first the front page headlines until I find something that interests me.

Edward Thompson, senior: I turn to the sport page. It's the only thing that holds my attention.

Doris Pinkerton, senior: I read the "movie thrillers" first in the Herald; then I turn to the sport page for football scores.

Edward Schimmel, senior: I prefer the sport page. After that I generally read the funny page.

Jean Borglum, sophomore: I read the funnies, and then if I am following up a serial, I read the next installment.

Husband: Darling, I've made up my mind to stay home. Friend Wife: Too late, I've made up my face to go out.

Jones: Does he belong to the 400? Bones: Yes, he's one of the ciphers.

Teacher: Conjugate the verb to fall. Student: Fall, fell, flopped.

Contributors Corner

Commuting in November

One long dull hour to pass in idleness
Ah me!—a jerk! A sudden jar!
We're off. We leave behind the dustiness,
The heat, the smell of tar.

A Man of the Ancient Forest

The full moon of October, deep orange in color, hung large and magnificent just over the wooded hills that bounded the lake.

Through the stillness of the evening trod a singular figure. Across his right arm, he carried a gun; while over his left shoulder he carried a large pack of furs.

Joe was awakened the next morning by the sun's bright rays which shone down through the window.

As he was sitting there by the fire in his comfortable position, a slight scratching sound came to his ears. There was a puzzled look on his face, but it was there only for a moment and then it was gone.

Joe was awakened the next morning by the sun's bright rays which shone down through the window. After all his necessary chores were finished he fed his cub.

One morning Joe became extremely sad and unhappy. On looking out from the window, instead of seeing his panther, he saw nothing but a broken chain.

That winter was a very hard one for Joe. Snow was about three feet deep most of the time.

That night, twenty miles north of Joe's cabin, two unscrupulous men talked over the events of the day.

"This land seems to be a good place for trapping," remarked Renyard. "I think we had better get it while the getting is good," joined Black.

Before they went to bed that night they plotted and schemed a way by which they could get this land from Joe.

It was in the path by the lake which Joe traveled every day that the trap was to be placed. They waited until it began to snow, then dug a deep hole.

Joe traveled every day that the trap was to be placed. They waited until it began to snow, then dug a deep hole. After it was finished they placed sharpened stakes at the bottom.

The following evening, Joe went out for a moose hunt. He followed his usual path down by the lake.

Becoming impatient, the two men crept up behind Joe and pinioned him to the earth. About the same instant a piercing scream ranged through the ancient forest.

Figgie gave Joe one last look and disappeared in the forest's thick undergrowth. Joe looked in his only friends direction for a long time and then went home.

The Ballad of the Car in the Morning

The ancient wreck refused to start,
It was a foggy morn,
No cheery cough its ribs did part;
In rage I much had sworn.

Full seven times its wheeze was heard;
Its battery was dead.
And all the turning must be done
By the crank up near its head.

The engine was all choked with gas;
It could not vaporize.
And I had tried 'most every stunt
My head could improvise.

All heated was my aching brow,
All wrinkled was my coat;
But undistressed and still at rest
Slept on my antique boat.

The oil had stiffened up her joints
The crank was hard to move,
But—Hah! at last a grumbling snort
It seemed me to reprove.

Courage anew, I started up
Now angry to the core
And wrestled with the cursed thing—
At last! she starts to roar!

With cheer she ambles from her place
And backs out of her shed.
Then I whirl down the Avenue
Showering blessings on her head.

Orphan Tag Day
It is a pretty merry maid
And she stoppeth one of three.
"By thy short cut hair and sparkling eye,
Now, wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The office doors are opened wide
And I am late, I fear;
The force is met, the work is set:
Their busy noise may'st hear."

She holds him with her sunny smile;
"Ther was a child," quoth she.
"Beware! flirt not, thou bobbed-haired maid!"
Eftsoons her smile lost she.

She holds him with her sparkling eye—
The office man stood still,
And listened like a three years' child:
The maiden hath her will.

The office man a grimace made,
Yey could not choose but hear;
And thus spake on the bobbed-haired miss,
'Bout Orphan's tag-day dear.

"The child was on a door-step left
By parents poor and lowly;
It was so weak and very frail
That it could grow but slowly.

"Now it is rear'd with greatest care
By Orphanage so kind.
Upon whose friendly door-step there
The matron it did find.

"And now, dear sir, why you I stopp'd
Was but for this alone,—
That you might have a chance to help
A child to find a home.

"I'm sure if you'll give a sum,
For use by Orphanage
That you will always thankful be
That for this cause you gave."

Sure he could not refuse her now
After the tale so sad.
For the tag he paid her handsomely
And went on,—feeling glad.

